The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLII OCTOBER, 1933 No. 4

WHY PRAY?

The subject of prayer is one which has in many cases fallen into disrepute in this modern age, is often scoffed at by our so-called intellectuals, often laughed at by our modern youth, unused by many of our conservatives and condemned as unnecessary by many of our liberals.

Yet it is a subject which lies at the very basis of our religion; one which is the most real natural and spontaneous thing in our lives; essential to the building of an effective personality; and one which is used unconsciously by everyone, no matter how much or how often he denies it.

Prayer is a subject that is misunderstood because people have refused to see it in its modern interpretation. And inasmuch as people fail to recognize the new idea of prayer that is being practised they decry our age as prayerless.

Now in order to understand the changes in the conception of prayer that have come to pass, let us look at some of the objections to the old idea of prayer which have necessitated this transformation.

First, there is a changed conception of the universe. Formerly men believed the universe to be a very small affair; they thought the earth to be the only possession of God. Today we know our solar system, of which the earth is a part, is but one out of millions of solar systems and there is no reason to believe that many of these others are not inhabited. The universe has grown large, and man is the merest pigmy in comparison in the eyes of God. Then there are some philosophers who would have us believe that the human race is but one factor in a great scheme of evolution and that God is concerned with perpetuating the group as a whole and has no concern with either the happiness or the affairs of individual men. So man, realizing the immensity of the universe, says, "What concern can God have with me and my petty affairs?" and he ceases to pray.

Secondly, man has discovered the law of cause and effect in the world, he realizes that God directs the impulses of His creative energy into uniform channels. Everything is governed by law—there is no disorder. The seasons come and go with unfailing regularity, and the prayers of millions of people could not stop the earth in its course, change the growth of a plant in its development, or cause the winds to cease on a storm swept ocean. Man, seeing that everything follows the law of its own nature, and that prayer is unable to make any change in this law, says "What's the use, why pray?"

Thirdly, there is the man who says that in praying we distrust the wisdom of God. Man says if God is good and wise He doesn't need to be told what to do. "He knows better than I," so he stops praying.

Then there are men who say that it is impossible for God to answer prayer because of the conflict of human wishes. The farmer prays for rain for his crops, and the picnic party prays that they may have the sun on the same day. The Germans prayed for victory for their army and the Americans prayed that God would favor the Allies. So man reasons, "How do I know how many men are praying for the thing opposed to my prayer? God can't answer both." So he ceases to pray.

Again, man says that if God heeds

Publication Office
134 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Monthly, except August
50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103. Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

prayer why does He not answer more often. Man prays for the sufferers in a flood, the maimed in war, and the afflicted in a pestilence; but the flood still rages in its merciless course, the legs and arms lost in war are lost never to be returned, and people still suffer and die in famine and pestilence. Why then should we pray?

God, according to the old idea, is a great ruler who lives apart from this world and can do anything He wishes within the borders of His domain,—that is, He can reach down and adjust the mechanism of the universe, send sun or rain, according to the whim of every man who prays for it. Prayer according to this belief is nothing more than a petition addressed to God for the bestowal of some earthly favor, even though in granting it God must upset all the laws of the universe.

God is seen today living in the world, not apart from it. God is in the breathing of the winds, the singing of the birds, and in the nature of man. God operates in this world according to natural law. The seed grows according to its nature, the seasons come and go, and the rains and winds follow their natural course. Man alone has freedom of will; man alone can change and adapt himself to his environment. So our prayer today should be one directed to the heart of man, asking that man change.

The prayers of millions of men will not bring water to a barren land, but prayer for strength and power and wisdom in the heart of man will assist him to dig irrigation canals and thus the land will become fertile.

Prayer cannot save a storm-tossed ship in a seething ocean, but prayer in the heart of the captain as he asks for vigilance of sight and keenness of hand and discipline of crew may bring the ship into some quiet harbor.

The prayer of the farmer, kneeling in his field to weed it, brings strength and accomplishment.

The idea of prayer may be summed up in the story of a boy and a girl who were hastening, that they should not be late for school. The little girl said, "Let's kneel down and pray that God hold back the time and keep us from being late." But the boy, a true son of his time, said, "Let's keep on running and pray while we run." Prayer should not be an effort to change God but an effort to change ourselves.

Do you recall that immortal prayer of Jesus in His hour of pain in that lonely garden of Gethsemane? It is one of the noblest ever offered by any man, when with courage and fine determination He said, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." I will not ask thee to work a miracle and take this bitterness from me; I will adapt myself to meet these conditions of my life. That is prayer.

Prayer exists in every conscious effort we make, in every act of meditation, in every thought of thanksgiving.

Did you ever stand enraptured as a crimsoned sunset faded in the twilight and deepened into the grey of night? Did you ever look up into the jeweled curtain of heaven and stand speechless in awe as its sparkling diamonds spoke of the mystery and wonder of the universe? You were praying. Prayer is appreciation. You were communing with the God of beauty in nature.

Is there anything in this world that you really care about? Are you interested in any cause worth giving your life? Do you have ideals for your own life and for humanity at large? You are praying. Prayer is desire, prayer is worship.

Did you ever feel grateful for some blessing bestowed upon you or for some achievement that you had made? Did you ever rejoice because of the happi-

ness and fullness of life that had come to you? Were you ever thankful for friends, for home or country? You were praying. Prayer is thanksgiving.

Did you ever stop in the welter of this seemingly mutable world to consider the values of life, to regret some deed or to plan a new one? You were praying. Prayer is confession. Prayer is meditation.

Prayer is joy. Prayer is music and song. You pray when you face the rising sun with gladness and exuberance of life; when you pick the rose in your garden; when with indescribable joy you hold your first-born in your arms; when with thanksgiving you remember the noble face of your mother who has gone.

Prayer is facing life and its tasks in a sacrificial attitude.

Prayer is the impulsive cry for help in danger and calamity. Man prays not merely for physical help; he prays for courage of spirit, for loyalty to ideals, for honesty in conduct, for justice in life, for a clean, strong, devoted personality.

Two men went up to the temple to pray. The Pharisee stood up, bragging, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men." The Publican humbly bowed his head and murmured low, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Washington, during those bitter days at Valley Forge, drew apart into the quietness of the forest to meditate and to see new vision. Lincoln, with his great heart almost breaking during those tragic days of suffering and sorrow, needed the renewed strength he received from prayer. Many great and lesser souls bear testimony that in their hardest days they had the experience of the sustaining grace of God's presence.

Why pray? Because we need spiritual and moral power in our lives; because we face world tasks in which we need the strength and co-operation of God; because we need communion with God in the exultation of great hours and in the bitter depression of our sad and discouraged days; because we desire a better life and a better humanity and because we wish to tune ourselves with the universe. Let us all pray with Jesus, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."—Adapted from a sermon by REV. O. A. STONE.

PLANTING BULBS

The planting of bulbs will be an important operation from now until early November. Certain instructions are most important. The holes where the bulbs are to go should be large enough so that the bulbs will rest on the bottom. Oftentimes a sharpened stick is used and an air pocket may be left under each bulb. This is very bad practice. It can be obviated by running a little sand into the holes before the bulbs are placed in position. This is a particularly good plan to follow with lilies which sometimes decay when they come into direct contact with wet soil. When bulbs are being planted in beds, they must be at the same depth or they will not bloom at the same time. There should be three inches to the top of crocus bulbs, four inches to the top of tulip bulbs, five inches to the top of narcissus bulbs, and six or more inches to the tops of most lilies. This, of course, is speaking in a general way. If the bulbs are unusually small they should not be planted quite so deep.

Garden makers who have small places with intimate gardens may well make freer use of hyacinths. These bulbs are much more formal in appearance than daffodils, and for that reason are rather more attractive when arranged in beds. They can be used to advantage close to the house and will make a lovely display over a long season. Fortunately, the smaller sized bulbs give almost as good flowers for garden use as the more expensive large sizes. They are much cheaper and therefore to be recommended for garden use. Hyacinths may be purchased in named varieties, but the average amateur prefers to buy them by colors. They can be planted at almost any time in the fall.—*Globe Gardner.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. I haven't heard from any of the Cheerful Letter friends for some time. I am confined at home all the time caring for my aged mother who is ill and I get very lonely. I would appreciate very much some quilt pieces or embroidery or something to amuse my little son who will be four years the 30th of Oct. Mrs. Mattie M. Blevins, R. 1, Box 57, Rugby, Va.

2. It has been several years since I have written to the Exchange. I am still taking care of my blind aunt. She has been blind 9 years. I also have a sweet little girl nine months old. Both of my oldest have passed away, and this one has brightened our home so much. I do hope that she will be spared as she is so much company and is awful sweet. I cannot get out and go as others do on account of my aunt, and I get so lonesome. I wonder if someone would send me some cheer. I especially like to sew and do fancy work and anything along that line would be highly appreciated. I would also like some pink and blue scraps for an animal quilt and some animal patterns. I wish to thank all for the cheer sent to me in the past and hope that I will be remembered. Mrs. John R. May, Box 52, Clifton, N. C.

3. Mrs. B. J. Hall, formerly of 1514 Kirk Ave., Roanoke, Va., now of Rockymount, Va., asks if the kind friends will please send her some quilt pieces and a few stamped pieces.

4. I want to thank you all for the cheer and comfort you have been to me in these hard times. I want to thank the ones who have subscribed for the Ladies' Home Journal and the Cheerful Letter magazines for me. I enjoy them so much. This has been the hardest year I ever saw. Sometimes I get very blue, and what a welcome a word of cheer is. My health is very poor, and my husband has appendicitis and rheumatism. All our children are girls, ages from 4 to 15. We would appreciate some pieces very much. Mrs. Margaret Johnson, R. D. 2, Box 83, Whitetop, Va.

5. I am sending loving greetings to all my Cheerful Letter friends. I have been unable to keep up my correspondence with my pals owing to the scarcity of postage, yet I am praying that you will all remember me again with anything that would comfort and cheer an invalid. I get so lonely all shut in from the out-of-doors, and would appreciate a kind word from any of my friends. I

would like patch work pieces for the coming winter also some stamps and stationery to help me keep in touch with my friends. Mrs. Lola Eller, Grant, Va.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. George Lawless, from Nettle Ridge to R. 5, Stuart, Va.

Mrs. B. J. Hall, from 1514 Kirk Ave., Roanoke to Rockymount, Va.

Mrs. Lina Thomas, from Elamsville to Woolwine, Va.

Mrs. Cora Dunlap, from R. 9 to R. 6, Cleveland, Tenn.

Mrs. Fred Thomas, from Box 167, Marshville, to R. I, Peachland, N. C.

Mrs. Jesse C. Broadaway, from Polkton to Norwood, N. C.

Mrs. Mildred Alley, from 1221 Gregory St., Greensboro, N. C., to Rural Hall, N. C.

MARRIAGES

Miss Myrtle Kingsley, Copeland, Ark., is now Mrs. Myrtle Baker, Lost Corner, Ark.

Miss Mary Blanton of Wallace, N. C., is now Mrs. G. L. Blanton, same address.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. E. G. Buchanan, Charlotte, N. C., wishes the Cheerful Letter friends to know that her mother, Mrs. Rufus H. Hill, Ansonville, N. C., passed away some time ago.

Over the broad, open plain there blows a strong, steady wind. It never stops, it changes not. All over the plain there are men and women on their journeys. You can hear them: "This wind, this dreadful wind!" cries one, breathless and gasping. "How bitter it is, how cruel, how it hates me!" . . . "The wind, this blessed wind!" cried another within hail of him. "How kind it is, how helpful, how it loves me!" . . . Are there two winds, or has the one fickle wind its favorites? No, the one constant wind is blowing steadily, and is no respecter of persons. . . . One man has set his face against it, and the other is sailing with it.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE TREE OF DEATH IS BURIAL PLACE IN FAR-FLUNG NORTH

The dead at the small northern trading post of Chimo are buried in a tree. At Chimo, which is situated in northern Quebec, near Ungava Bay, the Tree of Death means the cemetery, for there is no soil at Chimo, only a barren rocky waste, with the Koksoak River meandering through on its way into Ungava Bay and the Hudson Straits.

The Tree of Death is a small dead tree, only its most sturdy branches remaining on the trunk. Piled up between these branches are a few wooden boxes and coffins made from odds and ends of boards at a trading post where wood is a valuable commodity for fuel. High winds make it impossible to secure the coffins permanently into place in the tree. Sometimes they are torn out by the gale which blows there frequently. Broken coffins are to be found near the tree, their contents strewn about by hungry wolves. When the tree is full, and a coffin is buried under a cairn of stones it is not long before it is broken into by marauding animals seeking food in the cold of the sub-Arctic winter. Only a few whites live at Chimo. They do not want to die there. Eskimos and a few Indians are the only other inhabitants of this seldom-visited trading post, where a steamer calls but once a year with supplies and mail, and where the only other visitors are prospectors who come in by air during the short summer months. Chimo is a treeless waste, and the only tree in the whole region has therefore become the post's burial ground.—JAMES MONTAGNES in St. Croix Courier.

Oh, one might reach heroic heights
  By one strong burst of power;
He might emblaze the whitest lights
  Of heaven for an hour;
But harder is the daily drag,
To smile at trials which fret and fag
And not to murmur nor to lag.
The test of greatness is the way
One meets the eternal every day.

—*Edmund Vance Cook.*

A LAND WITHOUT POSTAGE STAMPS

People who object to paying two or three cents letter postage, or kick because their magazine comes to them three days later than it does to the newsstands, ought to learn that there is a country where one can mail his letters unstamped and have them delivered free in any quarter of the world.

The joker in the proposition is that the incoming mails never arrive there more than once a year, and not always as often as that. Once, the inhabitants had to wait 12 years between mails.

The country has other advantages and disadvantages. There are no movies, no telephones, no radios. There is no trade and no manufacturing. No money changes hands. The population — only 140 at last account — is divided into families, but they all share and share alike.

They have no Governor and no Administration, yet they live their lives in peace with one another, as members of one big family. There is probably no community quite like it anywhere else in the world.

J. A. Sefi, the philatelist, writes in his own British magazine that "it is a living example of an Utopia. Given a better climate and a richer soil, it might have been a very wonderful Utopia. But who knows whether, under more favorable conditions, the present result would have been achieved? Perhaps this unselfish life was bred by hardship and nurtured by adversity."

The country is Tristan da Cunha, a mere volcano peak that stands up sharp and rugged from the ocean in the most undisturbed part of the Atlantic Ocean, midway between South America and South Africa. It is only 21 miles in circumference—and 8000 feet high. It is called the most inaccessible of all the British possessions.

Two other much smaller islets lie about 20 miles away, one of them named Inaccessible and the other Nightingale. There is no safe anchorage along the shores of any of them, and the universal testimony is to the extreme danger and difficulty of landing at all on Tristan da Cunha. Around the black lava rocks the sea is always seething with dangerous surf; the winds howl down the steep slopes of the mountain with almost incessant violence.

For more than a century the island has been inhabited by a small colony whose members eke out the limited natural resources of the island with infinite care.

Their need for timber has kept the island denuded except for a form of brushwood known as the "island tree." Potatoes form the staple crop. Wheat was grown in the early days, though with some difficulty, and then rats came ashore from a shipwreck in 1882. They multiplied to the point of making cultivation of wheat actually impossible.

Oddly enough, in so isolated a place, there are insect pests which make it equally impossible to raise vegetables.

There is no white community in the world with such restricted mail facilities. There is no postoffice; there are no special stamps. On rare occasions the premeditated visit of a ship to the island means incoming mails. The departure of that ship, or the visit of any other ship that may from time to time unexpectedly stop there, gives the inhabitants a chance of sending mail out.

As there is no postal administration, all outgoing mails are considered as "paquebot" letters posted on board the ships taking them away, and so should be franked with the stamps of the country under whose flag the vessel sails.

In practice, however, British stamps are the only ones used. No others are available on the island, and boat parties coming off the ship would have no money with which to buy foreign stamps from the ship.

The consequence of the situation of these people is that they have perhaps the only "compassionate mail" in the world. Any country is glad to carry their letters without charge even if they are not correctly stamped. Prepayment of postage is often waived, and letters from Tristan da Cunha have been delivered all

over the world without a stamp.

The islanders have procured or made for themselves a postmark, which is impressed on the envelope or the stamp of outgoing mail. And as the total volume of such mail is very small indeed, one of these postmark impressions is a valuable find for a philatelist.

The islands were discovered and named by Tristan da Cunha, a Portuguese explorer, in 1506. They were visited by the Dutch early in the next century, and by d'Etcheverri in 1767. It was he who landed on and named the two smaller islands.

The ocean in this region has been famous as a place to take whales, and the islands were originally thick with seals. And so during the eighteenth century, it is believed, sealers sometimes lived for shorter or longer periods on Tristan da Cunha.

An interesting thing is that the isolation of Tristan da Cunha was almost sealed upon the settlers by the opening of the Suez Canal.

Before that, partly because of the prevailing winds, vessels going to the Far East by way of the Cape of Good Hope made a long southwesterly slant before fetching up for their easting past the cape, and many more called here than afterwards, when most shipping — and especially most steam shipping that had replaced the old square-riggers—went by the canal.—FRANK R. SIBLEY *in Boston Globe.*

INDIGESTION

Indigestion or dyspepsia is one of the most common afflictions of the human family. It is a name which is commonly used to describe a certain group of abdominal symptoms, pain in the stomach, gas, nausea and vomiting. Headache, constipation and a feeling of depression are other symptoms which are often added to the previous group.

The causes of this condition are many. In the first place, the cause may lie outside of the abdomen altogether. In such cases, indigestion may be a symptom of a general disease like tuberculosis, or again it may result from a local condition, such as eye-strain or infected head sinuses.

Other causes are abnormal conditions of abdominal organs other than the stomach itself. Disease of the gall-bladder or of the appendix may be responsible for the occurrence of the group of symptoms popularly known as indigestion.

Lastly, the cause may lie in the stomach itself. Too much food, the wrong kind of food, overindulgence in some particular food, and hurried eating are but some of the common dietetic causes which directly affect the stomach and incite it to rebel.

It is obvious then that no single remedy can cure all cases of indigestion. The first rule of proper treatment is to remove the cause. When there are so many possible causes, the treatment must vary from case to case, depending upon what is the cause in the particular case to be treated.

If it is found that the condition is due to faulty habits of eating, these must be corrected. Food should be taken slowly and quietly. Those who suffer from indigestion are often the victims of hurried and worried lives. A variety of plain foods should be eaten. In general, greasy and poorly cooked foods are difficult to digest. If constipation is present, it can be overcome by habit, diet and exercise.

It is dangerous to dose with medicines because these will not remove the cause. The condition will likely recur, and become more firmly rooted and so more difficult to correct at a later date. Again, indiscriminate dosing may mean delay in securing treatment at the only time when proper treatment can cure.

Indigestion should be looked upon as a warning that something needs attention, and the sooner proper treatment is secured, the better it is for the future welfare of the victim of indigestion.—*Health Service of Canadian Medical Association and Canadian Life Insurance Cos.*

Twenty-five hundred pictures a second can be taken in ordinary light by a new super-rapid motion picture camera.

RUSSIA'S SELF-EDUCATED CHILDREN

I am going to describe an average, not a model, Russian school. This is really not an institution at all, but a home for *besprisorni* (literally, the word means "the not-looked-out-for," or "the unsupervised," but "waifs" is its real equivalent). It is not rich, not well provided, but bitterly poor.

Surveying this moderate-sized house, I think, "Thirty children might be lodged here, but the housing shortage is acute and there may be as many as 60." As a matter of fact, this average-sized Moscow house contains 100 boys between the ages of 14 and 18 who live, sleep, eat, receive instruction, and play here. During the day another 100 "half-neglected" boys and girls join them, returning to the houses of their parents or relatives for the night. Besides these 200 children, 40 families also live here, though they have nothing to do with the institution, the home, or the school.

The man who gives me this information and serves as my guide is one of the teachers in the school. He looks a little hungry, a little dreamy, and might be a German school teacher. He is very quiet and slow, and he stares into space as he speaks. Here is what he tells me.

"The day begins at half past seven. Breakfast is at eight. Then they go to the workshop, and work there until one o'clock as cabinetmakers or locksmiths. From one to two they eat lunch and rest, and from two until four they receive their schooling. Tea comes at five, and from five until ten they have their club, with the evening meal at seven.

"The workshop and the club are the real seats of learning. 'Club' is only a name; it means the time between five and ten o'clock. There is a chess club, a dramatic club, a musical club, and a political club. A painter who lives near here gives drawing and painting lessons. They make their own newspaper. They have their own orchestra. One of our boys is now studying to be a painter at the Leningrad Academy; another is a famous pianist, and another has become an actor."

"And what becomes of the rest?"

"They become either cabinetmakers or locksmiths, but many are highly intelligent and go to other schools and become engineers. In some years ten of them go on to other schools; in other years, twenty or thirty. The school has a six-year course, but most of the boys who come to us are rather old and remain only three years."

"But how are they made to work?"

"They aren't made to work. No one is forced; they work of their own accord. If we just wait long enough, they eventually get bored doing nothing. Once a new boy insolently announced that he was just going to 'look around.' Whereupon one of the smallest children replied, 'Then get out. You won't do any looking around here. You've got to work. Do you want to take the food out of our mouths?' A few days later the new boy began working."

"But if one of the newcomers doesn't begin working, what do you do?"

"I don't know. That is up to the children's commune. The children hold court themselves and reprimand each other. If the collective group can't accomplish anything the newcomer is expelled, but this has happened only once. We teachers say nothing. In fact, one of the chief duties of the teacher, and he does teach a little, is to hold himself back as much as possible, to interfere as little as he can, and to allow the children full play. When they are allowed to do as they please they make many mistakes, but fewer than we should make, and if one only has enough tolerance everything goes along very well."

"That's what you say," I think to myself, "but I'll see how your lovely theories work in practice."

The real thing deafens me. It is the noon rest hour and some children are leaving the workshop. A terrific uproar is going on in the little rooms, an ear-shattering hubbub. I walk with my guide through the roaring tumult. No one pays any attention to us, at least not to him, and the noise does not abate at all. There

is not a trace of respect, fear, or shyness in the presence of older people. A fist fight is being held on the stairway. It does not look at all like a friendly affair, but my companion does not intrude. A little boy stands weeping by the window. "Why is he crying?" I ask.

"I'd rather not ask him. If he wants to tell me he will." This man really puts in practice the very intelligent but superhumanly difficult theory of non-interference.

I see the schoolrooms and bedrooms. Everything is miserably poor but quite orderly and clean, though not remarkably so. Of course the children do everything for themselves. Not one of them has an extra suit of clothes. Besides what they have on, they possess only a toothbrush, a comb, two nightshirts, and a change of underwear.

"Are many of the children sick when they come here?"

"They are very nervous, under-nourished, and often have heart trouble due to smoking. Venereal diseases are now becoming rare, although they used to be common. Anyone suffering from any infectious disease goes at once to a hospital. When he is cured he returns."

I then visit the workshop, a five-minute walk through the street. All the children take this walk twice a day alone. If any one of them wanted to run away, he would have a hundred opportunities. The workshop is in a former monastery and includes equipment for locksmiths, blacksmiths, and cabinetmakers. Everything is very primitive, but the boys take things easily. They don't kill themselves working, but they do work. Every ten boys work with four older laborers. The appearance of my guide, who, I later learn, is the director of the whole establishment, causes no sensation at all. No one works more rapidly on his account or even pretends to do so. They say good day to him politely, a few jokes are exchanged, they laugh, that is all.

In the evening, I am taken upstairs to a kind of hall, the largest room in the *besprisorni* house. There are more than 200 children, including those from the neighborhood, and also a few grown people. There is no sign of the director here or of any teacher or instructor. The children are entirely in control. The only grown person, except a few onlookers, is the young bandmaster, but he has no other authority. I stand in the middle of the orchestra, which has a few bassoons and clarinets but is mostly made up of brasses—horns, trumpets, drums, and tubas, more than a dozen different instruments in all. The room is not large, and when the band starts playing I almost fall out of my chair. A regimental band playing in a bedroom. The walls shake and the floor shivers. The little audience sits in open-mouthed amazement.

I know that everything behind what I have seen in this house in the course of a few hours is not ideal. But that such an institution is possible at all in present-day Russia is a very great deal. So much courage, so much freedom, so much goodness under such pressure of outer circumstances, under such want and misery. So much personal freedom, so much real democracy applied and carried out under conditions in which it is particularly difficult to remain free and to act really democratically, all that provides an experience that gives food for plenty of serious thought.

—HANS SIEMSEN *in The Living Age.*

There is no night for one with perfect trust—
Just one long day;
E'en though trials come, as come they must,
Along life's way;
The sun shines on with pulsing glow the same—
An undimmed light;
Shadows fall, but darkness hath no name,
There is no night.

Poultry relish apples, especially some of the sweeter varieties and where chickens are given the run of an apple orchard they will eat large quantities of windfalls, and in this way help to destroy the apple maggot.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BARBARA HELPS HER MOTHER

Barbara was just a little tot. This was the first summer she could go out into the garden on her own two little feet

It was great fun, she thought, to be able to run about and to follow the neat little paths, and peep under the vines and bushes, and see good things to eat growing there.

Sometimes she wondered how it was that tomatoes and cucumbers and beans and other good things all came out of the same ground. When she said something like that to her mother, Mrs. Mason smiled.

"I used to wonder about the same thing, dearie, when I was little," she said, "then my mother who is your grandmother, told me that all of the good things came from the right kind of a seed. Cucumbers come from cucumber seeds, tomatoes from tomato seeds, and so on. Like produces like. The hen lays an egg which will hatch into the chicken, and the chicken, if nothing happens to it, will grow to be a bird like its mother. If you plant the pits of the peach, you will get a peach tree, and the peach tree will bear peaches."

Barbara was thinking so intently on what her mother was telling her, that she didn't notice she was stepping on some of the plants.

"Be careful, Barbara," her mother admonished, "for if you break the plants down, or crush the tender tips, it will hurt them and perhaps they will not yield any more good things for us to eat."

So Barbara took her little brown sandal off the tomato stalk.

"I'll be careful, Mummy," she said at once. "I'se sorry if I hurted it! Now I'se going to help you."

So Barbara began to pick some tomatoes and put them into the little basket she had in her hand.

"O Barbara," her mother cried in a minute, "don't pick the green ones, they aren't ripe! We must leave the green ones on the vines so that the sun will make the flesh of the tomato red and pleasant tasting."

Barbara picked the green tomato out of the basket and held it.

"Why are some green and some of them red, Mummy?" she asked.

"The green ones are the ones which are not ripe," her mother told her, "and I have read that they are green like the leaves and the stalks of the tomato plant, so that wandering birds and chickens and other creatures which might eat them, will not see them readily among the green foliage around them.

"You see, inside of the tomato are seeds, and when the tomato gets ripe, those seeds can be planted and other tomato plants will grow from them which will yield tomatoes. If birds and chickens and wandering creatures ate up all the green tomatoes, there would be no seeds to plant.

"So old Mother Nature is very wise and kind, and she protects the tomato by having it grow surrounded by leaves of the same color. Then when the sun has done its work, it grows to be a beautiful red, and if birds do eat our red tomatoes or berries or cherries, the seeds will be carried somewhere and dropped and perhaps grow because they have been ripe seeds."

Barbara clapped her hands.

"O Mummy, look here," she said, "here is a ripe tomato that something has been eating."

"I think it was Biddy, the brown hen," her mother replied, "I chased her out of here yesterday. You see she didn't pick a green tomato, she selected a ripe one.

"One thing nice to remember," went on Mrs. Mason, "is that apple seeds produce apple trees; orange seeds, orange trees; duck eggs will hatch out into ducks; pigeon eggs into pigeons, and so on.

"In just the same way, little honey girl, our actions whatever they are, produce the same kind of fruit. If we are kind to those about us, the fruits of kind-

ness will grow—others will be kind to us and we will develop habits of kindness. If we plant seeds of thoughtfulness, thoughtful acts will come to be our habit. If we plant the seeds of helpfulness—of willing service, then we will get into the habit of being helpful.

"You were out here today helping Mother pick tomatoes. This morning you carried the glasses away when Mother dried them. You, too, are planting seeds, and every seed produces a plant of its own kind."

"O Mummy," and Barbara laughed, wrinkling her nose in the funny little way she had, "I'se going to have a big, big garden full of nice fings some day!"

"Of course you are," approved her mother! "One of the finest gardens of all is the Garden of Life, with the flowers of happiness in it."

"There's Brown Biddy coming this way!" exclaimed Barbara. "I'll go and shut the gate so she can't get into the garden."

"That's a thoughtful seed to plant," nodded her mother, "and Brown Biddy has plenty of food without coming in here."

So day by day, Barbara learned many things, and one of them was, that whatever you plant, you must expect to reap!—EMMA GARY WALLACE in Herald of Holiness.

KING GEORGE AS BOY DOCTORED DOLL, BUT TREATMENT WAS SEVERE

King George once acted as doctor, declared his patient dead, helped to bury the corpse, saw it dug up again, and burned it with his own hands as a witch.

All this, however, happened many years ago and the patient was a doll.

Princess Montesquiou of France tells the story in an account of a summer she spent as a child with her little sister Isabel in Denmark, while Queen Alexandra, mother of King George, brought her own young family to the same village.

Prince — now King — George and his young brother were commandeered by the two little princesses to play with their dolls; the little boys detested the business, but their natural good manners—not unsupplemented by bribes of cake and toffee—prevailed.

However, the small Isabel had a doll that no amount of toffee could make acceptable. It was a repulsive mannikin called Judy. One day, at the end of his patience, Prince George said:

"I'll play if you will let me be a doctor, and all the dolls can be ill."

The little princesses agreed, and the "doctor," with a pencil as thermometer, took temperatures and found that all the patients were progressing splendidly—except the detested Judy.

"I fear she will never recover," sighed the young medico. "You must be prepared for the very worst."

A few minutes later the doctor paid another visit. He gave a hopeful glance at Judy's objectionable face, and put on his hat so that he could take it off and say, tragically: "Quite dead, I fear," he added gleefully: "We must bury her at once."

"I'm chief mourner," wept Isabel.

"I'm to be sexton," said Prince George hastily. Next day he dug a deep grave and Judy was buried, and well stamped down by the two relieved little boys.

Isabel was unconsolable. She gave the pageboy all her money to exhume Judy.

However, Prince George was not beaten. Three days later he announced with fiendish delight that it had been secretly revealed to him that Judy was a witch—a contention well borne out by the face of the lady in question—and that she must be burnt at the stake.

Burnt Judy was, and her ashes dramatically scattered. The four children decided to play at soldiers.

St. Croix Courier.

A TOAST

Here's to the man who plans things—
  Builds things—makes things;
Who prattles not of wonders of old,
  Nor gloats over ancestral gold,
But takes off his coat and takes hold and
  does things!

AN APPRECIATION OF AGE

Old age, as it can be and often is, while dependent as is childhood, is without its unreasonableness.

Old age is sympathetic and understanding of youth, because it has experienced its enthusiasm and impatience.

Old age realizes the responsibilities and burdens of middle life, for it has carried them. It knows its problems, some of which have been solved—some in the broader outlook which comes from larger experience—have proved unnecessary.

A sense of proportion comes—the separation between essentials and non-essentials; a clearer perception of values and realities; a discernment of character and a juster estimate of human limitations.

Insight takes the place of failing sight. Some message can be heard from the unseen when imperfect hearing shuts one off from intercourse with friends.

Memory becomes infinitely precious. The long range of experience obliterates the trivial and emphasizes the essential. The question of "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" becomes of minor importance.

Faith in a Beneficent Ruler of the universe grows stronger.

And at last, when one is conscious that the "Great Adventure" must be near, the conviction deepens that reunion is inevitable with the loved ones who have gone before into the "vast unknown." And one waits without fear and with happy expectancy the release from bodily limitations and the opportunity for greater and more intelligent activity.

MARY LOUISE CATLIN,
Former Treasurer of the National Alliance.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.
MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 11 Dana Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and *money from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful Letter Magazine should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent to Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., *Chairman*, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman*, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

WEEKS & DOTEN CO
BOSTON, MASS